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Visionary

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Chapter 1 by Rowan Byrne

Names had always been so bright.

Every word had a sense (an aura, is what she liked to call it) but Names, Names were beautiful. Perhaps it was that they were unique to a person, that once a name was Claimed it was yours for life, perhaps it was that they resonated the innate soul of a person, perhaps she merely liked them more that other words.

The explanation didn't matter. What mattered were the Names themselves, and their bright, explosive colours.

--

Aria sighed, letting silver eyes slip shut for a moment, the slight exhale of breath carrying with it a tiny sound, not long enough to be word, just a half broken sound.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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